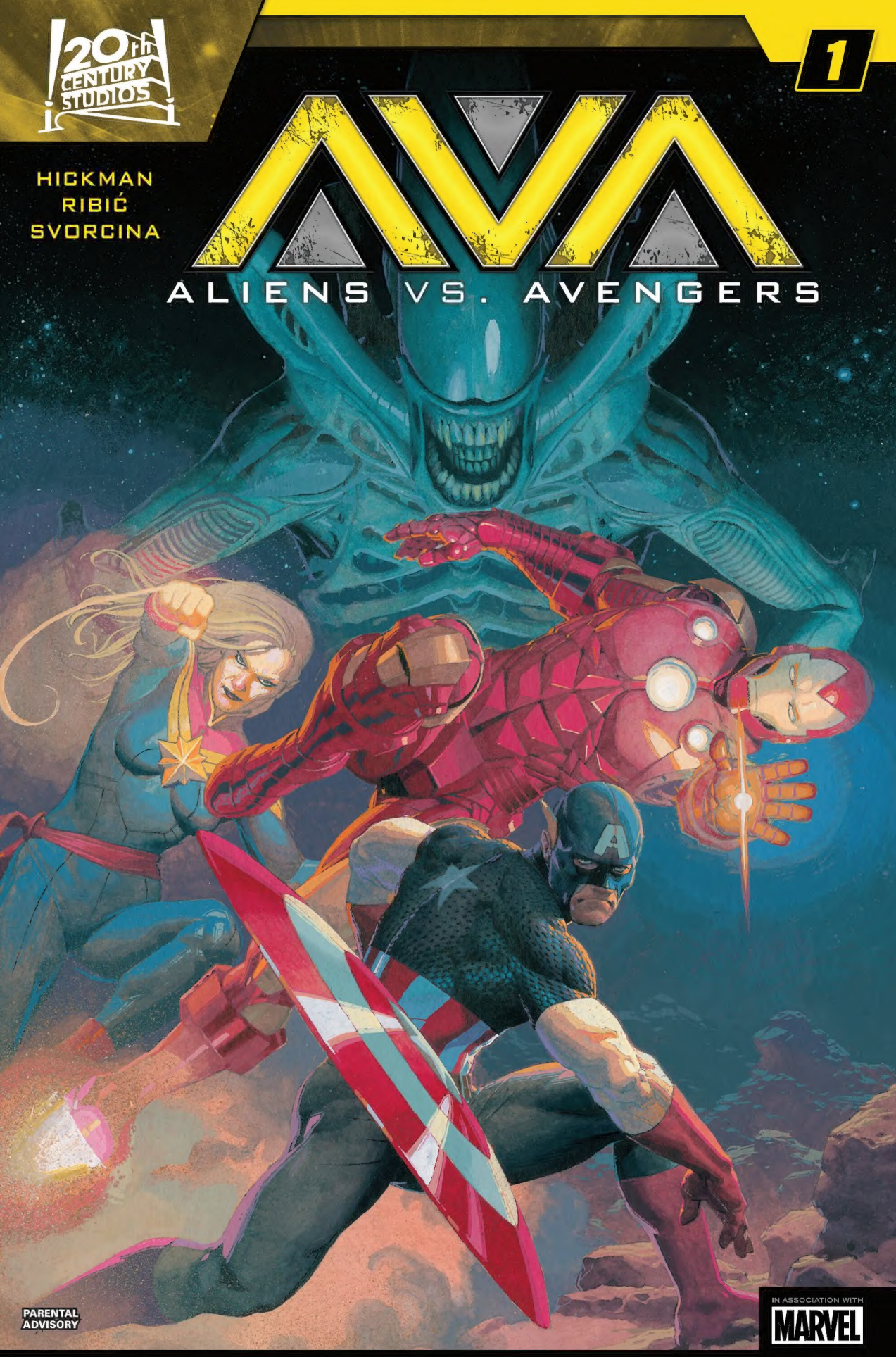
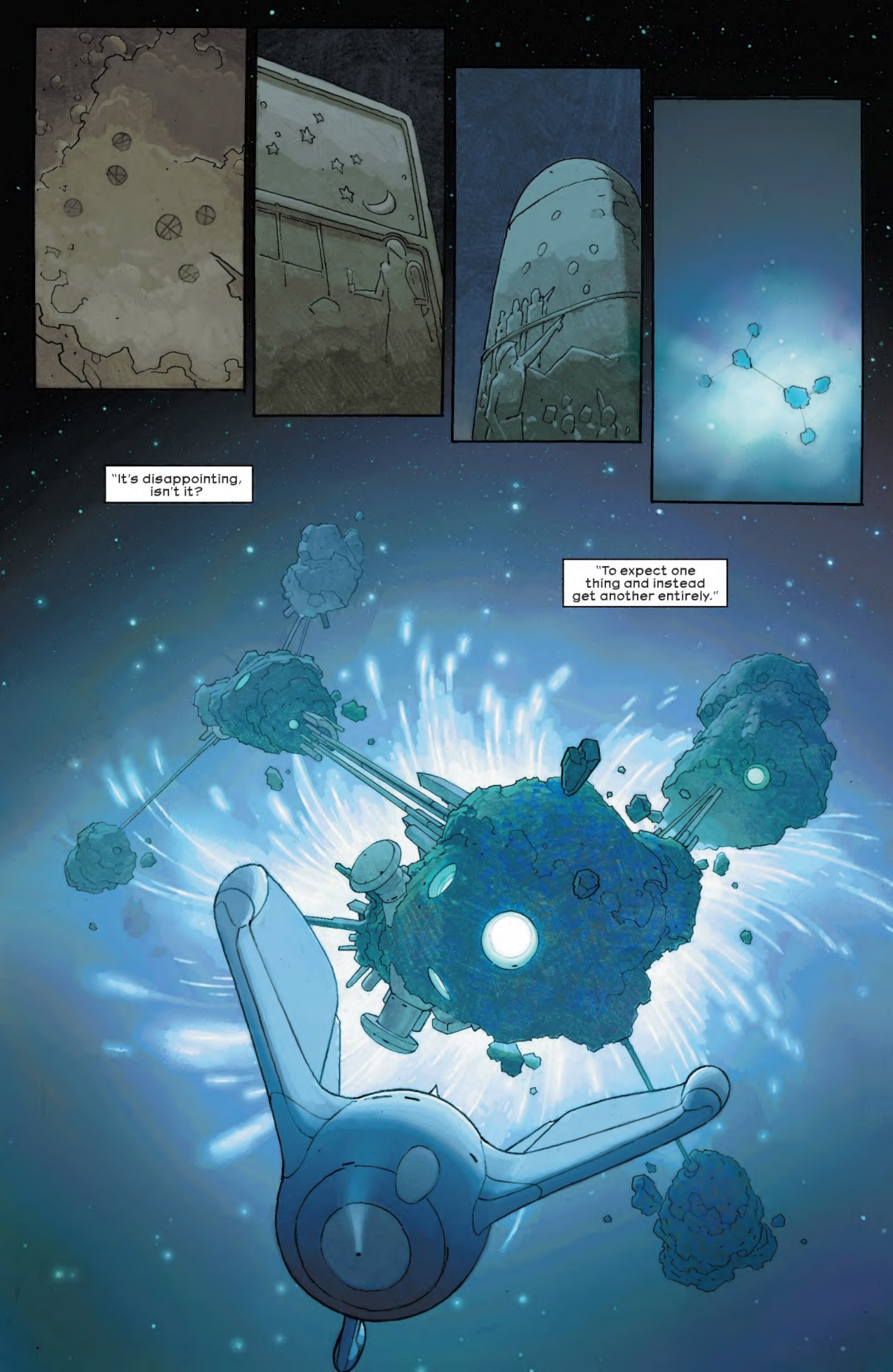
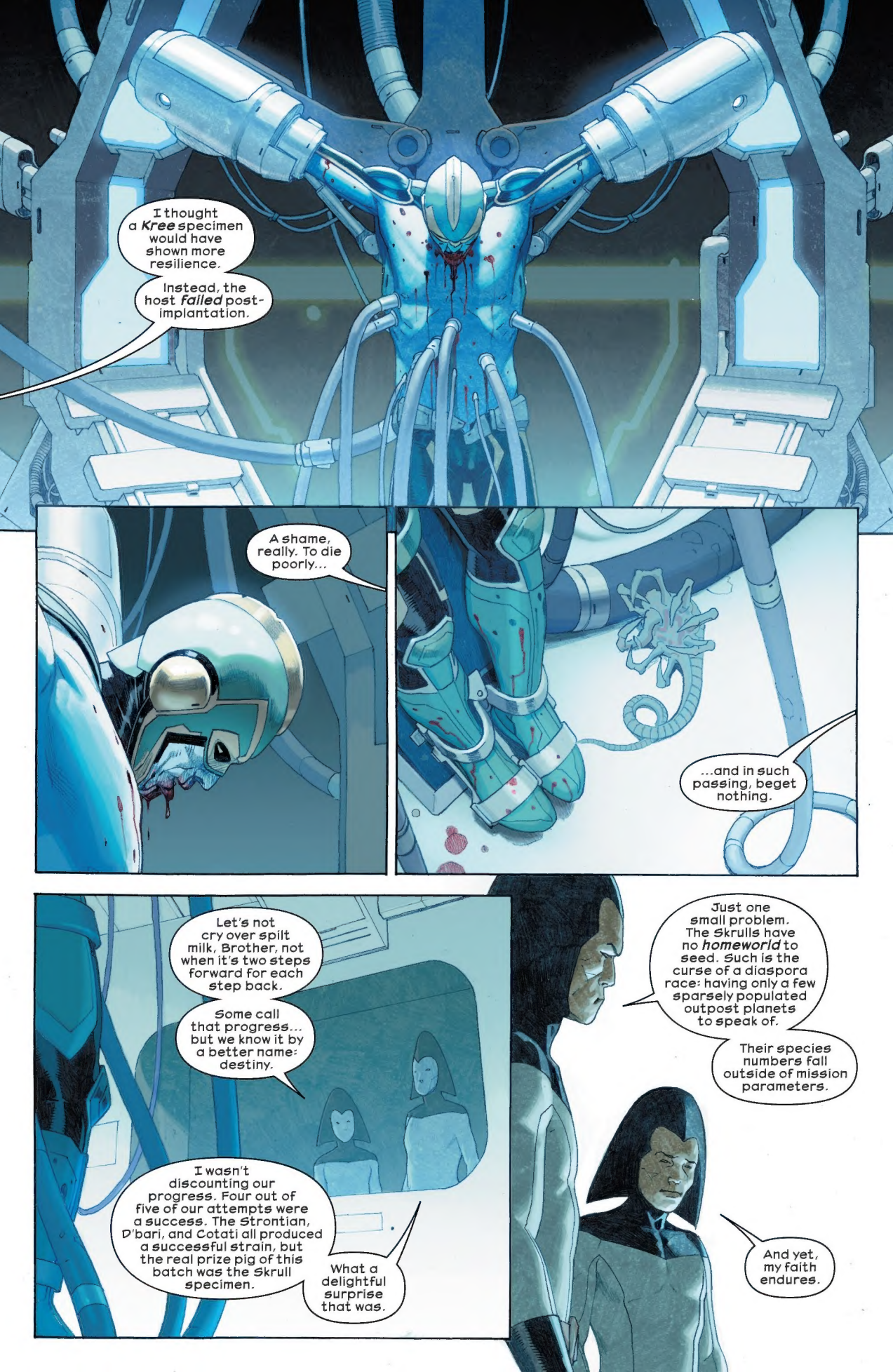

20th CENTURY STUDIOS
1
HICKMAN
RIBIĆ
SVORCINA
AVA
ALIENS VS. AVENGERS
PARENTAL ADVISORY
IN ASSOCIATION WITH
MARVEL


"It's disappointing, isn't it?
"To expect one thing and instead get another entirely."


I thought a *Kree* specimen would have shown more resilience.
Instead, the host *failed* post-implantation.
A shame, really. To die poorly...
...and in such passing, beget nothing.
Let's not cry over spilt milk, Brother, not when it's two steps forward for each step back.
Some call that progress... but we know it by a better name: destiny.
I wasn't discounting our progress. Four out of five of our attempts were a success. The Strontian, D'bari, and Cotati all produced a successful strain, but the real prize pig of this batch was the Skrull specimen.
What a delightful surprise that was.
Just one small problem. The Skrulls have no *homeworld* to seed. Such is the curse of a diaspora race: having only a few sparsely populated outpost planets to speak of.
Their species numbers fall outside of mission parameters.
And yet, my faith endures.

Which is *precisely* why I launched the--
ALERT ALERT
Hmmm. Incoming vessels have pierced the event horizon.
They're on an attack vector.
Can we identify them?
Yes.
Four explorer-class frigates...

"...Wakandan design."
Our defense battery has been destroyed.
Course of action?
We dare not be rude, Brother.
Let's give our guests a most proper--*and appropriate*--welcome.

THOOOM
Breach successful.
Contact?
Motion everywhere. Heat sinks are fewer and more isolated...
...but this area is clear.
Okay. Radio him in.
No need.

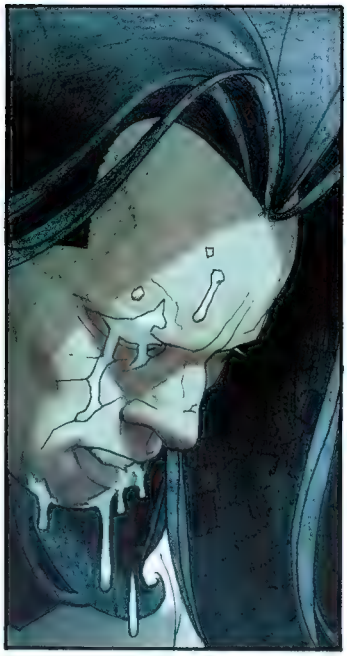
I'm already here.
Your majesties, we cannot protect you if you--
You think *my father* is being reckless?
That black hole below us is massive enough to cause severe time dilation. Hours here costs years out there.
A high cost, but nothing compared to the one being paid on T'Chaka's Reach.
We quarantined an entire sovereign Wakandan world because of the weapon we traced back to this place...
Our people are dying. So we will risk whatever we must to put an end to this threat.
Be it reckless or not.
Forgive me, my prince. I understand.
Good. Now let's--
Contact: Vibration. Sound.
There.

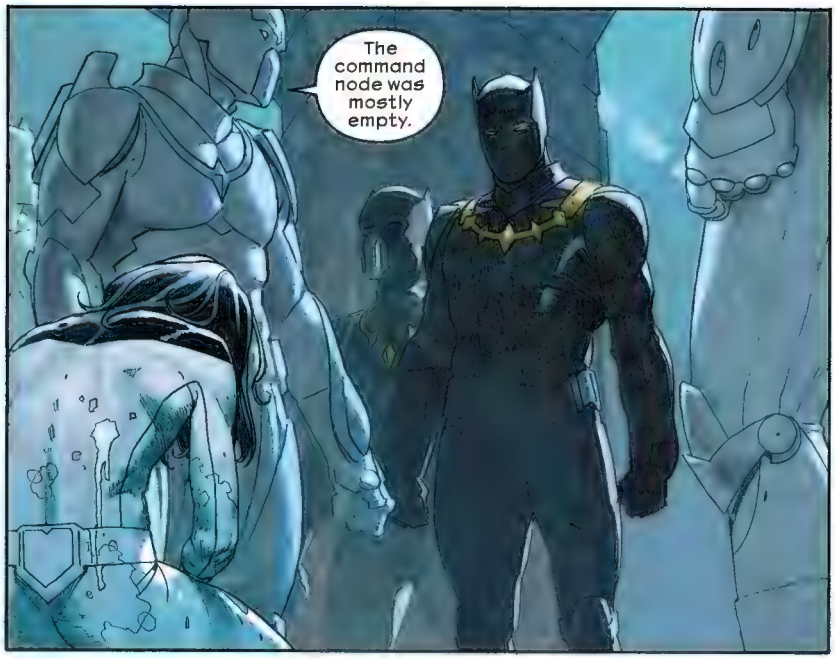
HSSS
HSSS
Azari.
Yes, Father.

BOOO
SKREEEE

FWOO

Well done.
We bleed time from a planet-sized wound.
Find the masters of this place, my Hatut Zeraze. Find them, and bring them here.
I want them before me...
"...and I want them on their knees."




The command node was mostly empty.

This one was purging their systems when we reached the command deck. He was mostly successful, but we were able to capture some of the data.
King T'Challa, what they were doing... What they...they...
Spit it out.

The same weapon that they used on the Intergalactic Empire... they've already launched *at least* a dozen more.
Those worlds will need to be secured. No one can be allowed to leave, and everyone who has left must be traced and those worlds quarantined as well.
We cannot let this spread.

Under normal circumstances, yes, of course...but the time debt we've incurred probably limits that being a success.
I think we're facing the bug hunt to end all bug hunts.
Your Majesty, there's something else. One of the worlds...

...it was Earth.

What kind of *monster* are you?
Oh, I am much more that.
For I have such plans.
Benevolence. Empathy. Creation. The defining traits of the *living*.
In these, you seem to be lacking...
But that's because you're not *Shi'ar*, are you?
You're not *living* at all.
You're just a machine.

Just a machine? Tsk.
If you prick me? Do I not bleed?
Let's see.
THOKK
Bring the head.
We're leaving.

They're still pulling data from the android's memory core, but we already know they used their weapon on Earth, Chandilar, Spartax, and basically every other galactic hub in our corner of the universe.
It's unfathomable... The scale of it is...
...My god...
What are we going to do? What happens now?
I spent my entire life building a golden empire that I would pass on to you...
Now, instead of a twilight reign marked by peace and enlightenment, there is ash and fire and the bones of what I dared to dream...
What now, Azari? The monsters are over the walls--the gates are flung open. Our great city has fallen, and now our singular goal is humankind's oldest:
Survival.

In the outer reaches of space, an alien species lurks. Known as XENOMORPHS, they reproduce by implanting their EMBRYOS in live HOSTS, where the embryo rapidly matures and ultimately kills the host by bursting out of their chest. Adult Xenomorphs are semi-intelligent and extremely hostile. Once a Xenomorph HIVE takes root, there's nowhere to hide from the deadly...

ALIENS

When EARTH was threatened by super-powerful forces, Earth's mightiest HEROES came together to fight their common enemy. Since that day, a group of heroes has always banded together to save the universe from existential threats and defend the innocent or, failing that, avenge them. As such, this group has become known as the...

AVENGERS

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Avengers created by Stan Lee & Jack Kirby

Special thanks to Scott Aversano, Alison Giordano, LeAnne Hackmann, Sarah Huck, Jeremy Huling, Kendrick Pejoro, Robert Simpson, Nicole Spiegel & Jeffrey Thomas at Disney.

Seed worlds were *not* chosen at random.
But once a world is chosen for the host, the process--*regardless of which world it is*--remains the same.
Each Seed Probe carries four Queen eggs inside it, along with twelve infected hosts in suspended animation.
And then, four locations in proximity of high-density population centers are targeted for initial infestation.

Placed into suspended animation on the precipice of a life-cycle transition, it takes almost no time for a host to yield their hidden bounty:
A Xenomorph.
The greatest killing machine in the history of the universe.
Within an hour, these alien Drones born from the chestbursters are fully grown, and within a day, a hive has been constructed so that the life cycle of an alien Queen can begin.
Days later, that Queen is born and begins producing eggs.
From there, the process *accelerates...*

Within one week, each individual Queen hive will produce a brigade of Warrior Drones.
Within one month, an endless army.
Within one year, a planet-razing horde.
And remember, each Seed Probe contains four such Queens.
It is the perfect delivery mechanism for the extinction of a species.
Of every living thing on Earth--regardless of if they are baseline humans...
...or something greater.

The Inhuman city of Attilan could have resisted--it could have stood for thousands of years. For the great shield of purity separated them from a dying world.
But like the fall of all great societies...an internal rift between the haves and have-nots created a crack in those walls...
And through that maw, the alien invaders poured in.
There was no record of the fall of Atlantis. There were no screams to be heard...no king to save them, and calls for help--if there were any--went unanswered.
The secret science kingdom of Wakanda held out longer than most but eventually--like every other nation--succumbed to the Xenomorph horde.

And when it became clear that extinction was at hand for all life on Earth, the mutants of Krakoa decided to abandon their island home and used their gateways to flee to Mars.
The mutants ran for the safety of the red father--all of them, except one.
Apocalypse--the first mutant--would stay and surrender nothing. For the world had now become the arena he always wanted.
Apocalypse will fight.
And if he lives... he lives.
If he dies... he dies.
FWOOOO
So be it.
Only the fittest survive.

And so it was for all the Earth.
All except the last human city.
BOOM
A stronghold in the ruins of America.
No one knows how...
...but they were ready for what was coming.
Like a prophet of doom, the old man of Weyland *knew*...
...and he built a city that would withstand the end of the world.

You know, if you keep staring into the sun like that, Bruce, you're gonna go blind.
I have gamma-powered cataracts half a millimeter thick, Carol. I'm already pretty much blind...
...but that doesn't mean I'm going to stop looking.
...
How late is she?
Not too late, but she's always so precise. Plans things down to the second.
She should be back by now.
I'm sure she's fine.
It was bad when Johnny and Susan died in the accident.
Reed got worse when Franklin and Ben disappeared to who knows where... never to be seen again.
He was convinced the universe he had bent to the shape of his life was conspiring to take away the only things he really cared about.

He was the smartest man I ever met--*an unyielding, towering force for good*--but by the end, entropy had won its war, and he was a shell of what he used to be.
On his deathbed, Reed Richards made me promise--*he made me give my word*--that I would protect his only living heir.
And now Valeria's out there. About to make me a liar because she had a plan to save us all...
...and I believed her.
You can't go after her.
We need you here.
They say this is the last human city on planet Earth. But we're weeks, maybe less from falling.
This isn't a city, Carol--it's a tomb.
You think I don't see what's in front of me? In all my years of doing what we do, I have...maintained my discipline. I was trained to never lose control.
But when the monsters finally break through--*when the city falls*--I'm going to let all that go.
I'm going to draw in as much energy as I can--*beyond Binary, beyond what I can contain*--and I'm just going to surrender to it.
This won't be a tomb, Bruce--it will be a pyre.
Well, I hope I'm there to see it.

Then toughen up, soldier...
Because we're--
BE BOP
Go ahead.
Captain, we have contact on the perimeter. Thermal and motion. 255 degrees northwest.
What is--?
Hold on. Okay. Got it.
It's her. But she's coming in hot and through the ruins. The enemy is everywhere.
I'm going to--
FWUMP
-Sigh-
Command, do we have a patrol on the perimeter right now?
Yes, Captain.
Morales has the point.
Okay...

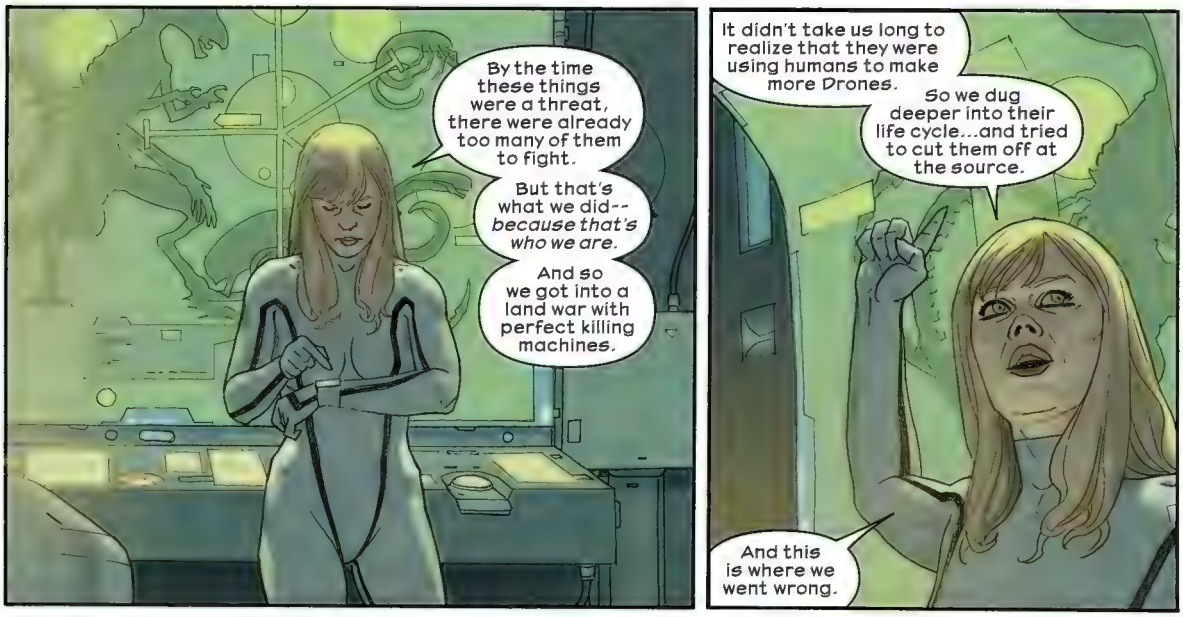
"Let him know he's about to have some serious company."
BOOMM

SKREEEEEE
HSSS
HSSS
Oh god. I'm not going to make it...
Sure you are. Gotcha.
But that was close.
Too close...

Hey, Hulk! you gonna get busy?
Or do I have to do everything?
HHRRNNNN!
RRRMMMM
BOOM
Young lady, you are late.
Bruce, I'm a 45-year-old woman who's been divorced twice.
Because--and I quote--relationships are for people who are aware of, and acknowledge, the needs of others...

...but I am sorry I didn't keep you posted.
THWIP
THWIP
...
Things got complicated.
I made a promise.
I know. It's just everything went sideways. I really am sorry.
We can't hold this much longer.
Wanna go home?
Uh-huh.
But we're gonna need the egg I stole.

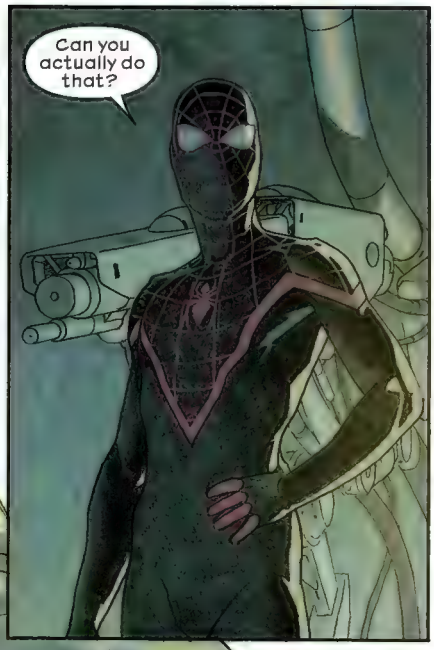
Later.
This is it...
If we're gonna win--*if we have any hope at all*--this is how we do it.
All right. I heard the word *win*.
So I'm listening.


By the time these things were a threat, there were already too many of them to fight.
But that's what we did--*because that's who we are.*
And so we got into a land war with perfect killing machines.
It didn't take us long to realize that they were using humans to make more Drones.
So we dug deeper into their life cycle...and tried to cut them off at the source.
And this is where we went wrong.

We tried to stop them here--at the implantation stage.
The psychology of it was simple--we wanted to save the people who were being used as hosts. But what we didn't realize was that as soon as the damn things attached, they were already as good as dead.

We tried everything. Science, magic... *everything.* Nothing ever worked.
Nothing except starting sooner. And that's what I'm going to do now.

I'm going to create a virus that will kill the *eggs.*


Can you actually do that?

Of course she can. Look at her face.
I know that look. I've seen it on a thousand faces of men and women about to squeeze the trigger.
So you can?
Yes.
Should you?
I don't mean kill the enemy... I mean create a virus that could mutate into something worse than what we have now.
There is no *worse*, Bruce.
Let her try.
Val, are you sure that--?
I can do it.
I just need time.
Now, if you all don't mind...
...could you please leave so I can get to work?

So can she do it?
I wouldn't bet against her.
So much like her father. Brilliant. Such a brilliant mind.
Maybe she'll do what he did so many times...perform a miracle when miracles are all we have left.
That's a lotta weight to put on someone's shoulders.
We don't have long now. My project is almost complete.
The day is coming soon when we're going to have to make the hard decision about the future of what's left of humanity.

Do we stay and fight the good fight, or do we save what's left of us and run for our lives?
Valeria Richards will have a say in that, it seems. *So will you.*
I thought she wasn't going to make it back.
Just so you know, I would have blamed you for talking me into letting her go.
Understand?
I would have been very angry at you.
Heh. But she came back, didn't she, Bruce? You believe everyone but you is weak, but we are all made of sterner stuff than you think.
It's not our skin-- *the outer shell*-- that defines a person...

"...it's what's inside that counts."
Access denied.
Valeria. It's Bruce. Open the door.
I brought you something to eat. The mind is powered by the body. You have to keep your strength up.
Access denied.
Override. Banner, Bruce. Voice command: Gamma.

Hey, Uncle Bruce.
If you're seeing this recording, I'm sorry, but you can't come in.
I wanted to... I wanted to do this...defeat them...*win,* once and for all...
I just ran out of time.
My plan worked--well, it was working--I used a lightbender based on my mom's powers, and I walked right into the hive.
I isolated and grabbed an egg and slowly started backing out.
It worked, Bruce. I would have succeeded--*gotten away*--
--but then I tripped--***tripped!***--over something.
And then they were all over me.
I remember choking...and darkness...and then waking up and knowing...
...something was inside of me.
I tripped--one stupid mistake--and it killed me. But I swore that before I died I would find a way to kill every one of them.
But I ran out of time. I can feel it now. Inside me. Oh god...I'm so sorry... I'm...
Promise me you won't open the door, Bruce. It can't escape the lab. And I don't want you to see...
I...
I tried.
RRAARRR!
KEEEEEH

SKREEEE!
Containment Breach. Alert.
Containment Breach. Alert.

KRH
SSSSS
SSSS
Containment Breach. Alert.
Containment Breach. Alert.
ARRGHHH!
Containment Breach. Alert.
Val.

What happened h--? Oh, no...
...
She ran out of time.
...
Dammit.
This is not... Oh my god.
What are you...?
It's loose.
Keep your eyes open wide...
...it's in here somewhere.

HUURRKK!
HUUUUUURRK!
NO!

We have to get it off him.
We've been over this. Can't be done. I've seen it tried a million times now.
There's no mind to control. The nervous system is autonomous. Any attempted removal kills the host... every single time.
We have to do *something!*
Yes. We do. Soon, an enemy will be growing inside him. And when it emerges, it will only want one thing:
To kill every one of us. We don't have a choice.
Burn it.
I'm sorry, Miles. I wish that there was some oth--
What the hell?

We...
We... don't...
We don't like this body...
But it'll do for now.
Fascinating.
Yes. Parasite co-opts parasite.
Symbiote seemingly trumps Xenomorph.
Hey. Are you okay?
No. Not really. That was terrifying.
Sure. But you're all right though?

Yes.
We are fine.
Speak for yourself...
Because there's only one thing that's gonna make me be able to sleep at night...
...we've gotta get the hell off this planet.
TO BE CONTINUED!

NEXT:

Email us at MHEROES@MARVEL.COM and mark your messages "OKAY TO PRINT" for a chance to see them answered in a future issue!